

# UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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Miss Rebecca H. Cooke, of Keene, N. H., has recently left by will \$500 to the Meadville Theological School—an example worthy of imitation. If every one possessed of wealth over and above the personal needs of those bound by ties of blood would devote a portion of it to those permanent activities that remain from generation to generation, they would the more truly live, and being dead they would the more surely speak.

The *Independent* tells us that Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, has recently deciphered the inscriptions on a "hy-pocephalous" (a kind of a pillow placed under the heads of mummies) belonging to a maiden by the name of Shainen, "Justified Forever," in which the doctrine of immortality is stated with great distinctness. Among other sentences occur the following: "I am the spirit coming from the abyss of Hades. I proceed from the eye."

Emerson's Divinity School Address! The Spiritual Declaration of Independence of the 19th Century as a tract! Ought this not to go far toward redeeming this much despised and often abused little missionary? Ought it not to inspire our workers to that effort that will distribute it by the thousands? For once at least the cause of culture and the cause of religion are identical, and in distributing this leaflet in the interest of either, service is rendered to both.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, the Broad Churchman, best known in this country by his interesting work on "Music and Morals," is said to be the next "celebrated Englishman" expected in this country. An-exchange says "His musical attainments are scarcely more extensive than his knowledge of painting, literature and the arts. As a vocalist he is an

amateur, whose skill is superbly professional." He has converted the vestry of his own church into a loan art gallery, open on Sundays.

Those stars which revolve in the lesser orbits have the most positive and loyal direction about the pole-star; they do not have to contend with the more complex attractions which beset their more distant neighbors, and which cause them to swerve from their course. So those people whose round of duties is limited and whose pleasures are found within the magic circle of home, are not subjected to the temptations of the outside world, and are least apt to stray from virtue's paths.

How much of life is wasted for want of a definite aim, or persistency to follow out an aim espoused! The person who has a worthy aim, but who allows much time and energy to be spent upon trifling and secondary matters, should imitate the policy of the Dutch who cut down most of the precious trees in the Spice Islands in order to enhance the value of what remained. The pursuit of a worthy end with a whole-souled energy that will turn all circumstances to its own advantage is a golden chain that bends the real to the ideal.

It is thought that no sound is ever lost, and that every word man's lips have uttered is still echoing somewhere in God's skies. If our hearing were sufficiently acute we could detect. "in the low sad music of humanity," the prayer of the saint, the curse of the sinner, the shout of joy, the shriek of agony, the low sweet music of contentment and peace and the empty voices of idleness and debauchery. And we would realize as we ought that our own words, whether idle, profane, choice or holy, will reverberate in all the coming ages, through time into eternity.

Rev. Robert Collyer delivered a sermon at the Church of the Messiah, New York City, March 9th, on the subject "What Lies Beyond." He closed with these stirring words: "Humanity in the midst of this life should not be too much troubled over the great mystery of the future; it is all true, and the eternal home will come at last. 'I do love to see the faith that can underscore that imperial letter 'I,' and say, 'I am waiting to see what lies beyond.' That single question, 'What lies beyond?' never has been and never will be solved by us until we have gone there—to God's great sunny home."

Joseph Cook in a recent prelude before a Boston audience, in answer to the question, "What doctrines are necessary to American Evangelicalism," builded wiser than he knew when he said, "I love to emphasize the hidden half of Christian unity," as the points of agreement. "Hidden half" expresses it exactly, when he specifies the necessity of the New Birth, Atonement, Deity of our Saviour, perfect trustworthiness of our Scripture, the Resurrection and the Final Judgment. Surely these represent the "hidden



half." This reminds us of George Eliot's saying that "the dunce who cannot do his sums at school always has a passion for the infinite."

The address of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney before the Massachusetts Legislature on the suffrage question was an able and dignified appeal for the extension of equal political rights to all responsible citizens. Mrs. Cheney does not feel discouraged by the slow progress of this movement, but is surprised instead that it has accomplished the results it has.

"Forty years ago woman suffrage was a laughing stock. Serious men hardly gave it a moment's thought. Now it is one of the prominent topics of the day. Several states have acknowledged the principle by establishing school suffrage, while three territories have granted the whole."

Nature, the great costumer, is already at work preparing spring robes for her children. Silent but speedy will be the transformation from nakedness to the best of all beauty—the beauty that cheers. As the sun journeys north from the Tropic of Capricorn, he will arouse the flowers that are waiting his revivifying touch, he will cover the hills with a varied beauty. The life and activity of warmer zones will follow his chariot wheels, and the Frost King will retreat to regions where his ice gems and snow palaces will sparkle uninjured by the fiery darts of this conquering hero. With the return of this outward life may the inner life of our readers also bud afresh, flower and bear better fruit.

A writer in a recent number of the *Inquirer* quotes Thomas Paine as saying, "Reputation is what men and women *think* of us, character is what God and angels *know* of us;" and in a discriminating article instances the story of the writer himself as proof of its truth. The article closes with the following just estimate:

Though Thomas Paine was not all that his most ardent admirers believe him to have been, neither was he the ogre that he has been painted. He was a brave, true, and earnest man, filled with a spirit of justice and truth, who had a habit of asking for proofs of things that in the nature of things could furnish no proof to the mind, bent on having the truth and the truth only. In that consisted his great sin with the churches and believers of his day.

We wish thus early to call the attention of our Western ministers and churches to the approaching anniversaries of the Western Conference and its associated organizations, which are to be held in this city, May 13, 14, 15 and 16. The Women's Conference will have forenoon and afternoon sessions on Tuesday, the 13th. The Conference Sermon will be preached on Tuesday evening by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, and the exercises of the Conference will continue until Thursday afternoon, during which time, in addition to the ever increasing executive work, the Relations of the Church to Poverty, to the Educational and Religious life of the Community, the Relations of the various Unitarian organizations to each other, and the "New Orthodoxy" will be discussed.

"It is not enough to be good in this world," says Mr. Edwin D. Mead, in his little work on Luther, "we must also be true." Speaking of the opinion held by many that the Unitarian movement in New England "erred by over-intellectualism," and of Channing's misgivings because "it

was not primarily an impulse for the moral regeneration of society and the soul," Mr. Mead expresses the hope that the new faith may not err by "under-intellectualism." The words which follow have the true heroic ring, and rebuke that false and timorous spirit which deprecates the strong impulse of the age toward culture and the discovery of the new truth. "Let us not suffer enthusiasm for humanity and good works to betray us into slighting science, faith, philosophy and expectation. 'Faith without works,' said St. James, in the text so hated by Luther, 'is dead;' and works without faith, duty without philosophy or outlook, may not expect long life."

The trouble of the Madison Ave. Congregational Church of New York, of which the famous Dr. Newman holds at present the disputed pastorate, develops a state of affairs which we suspect is not unusual among orthodox churches of to-day. The *Independent* states it thus:

The chief financial supporters have never been church-members. Church-members give but a small part of the cost of running the church. There have always been a body of wealthy and enterprising supporters, not members, while the church-members have been more from the less wealthy, and less active, who rather followed than led.

We suspect that this paradoxical state of affairs is almost the rule among the most prosperous orthodox churches in the West. We hear of prominent Methodist churches who count among their "chief contributors," believers in Darwin and Spencer; of Baptist churches whose "financial pillars are among the unwashed;" and prominent Presbyterian pew-holders who are "generous supporters of the drama." Why is it thus?

Our new contemporary the *Current* continues to maintain that high average in its editorial matter and contributions promised in its first issue. A recent number contains a bright and readable article entitled "Alleged," showing what opportunity lies for unjust and malicious charges against high personal character in the extended reportorial use which that term has acquired within the past few years. UNITY cannot, however, subscribe to the opinion expressed in another article on George Eliot and her writings, that the works of that author manifest a great "dearth of religious characters." We suspect the writer of this article retains a difficult and old-time conception of the religious character when she feels compelled to exclude the gentle, patient Rufus Lyon, on the ground that he "is a believer in divine mercy rather than divine wrath." George Eliot's religious teachings are plainly discovered on every page of her writings, and equally compounded of the emotional and intellectual elements, the feeling of a loving mercy and charity, together with the sterner sense of retributive justice and the necessary punishment of wrong-doing.

Robert G. Ingersoll has made another visit to Chicago, and the three thousand enthusiastic listeners at Music Hall have been multiplied into almost as many hundred thousand readers by means of the daily press. His easy conquests in his battle with credal tenets and the obsolete or obsolescent theological notions of the past show how much work there is to do, for those who undertake to base religion upon the laws of the universe, the ordinary needs of human life and the sacred verities of the natural. Never was there such an opportunity for builders; never was there a time when it was so true that the present is the architect of the future.



Ingersoll's denials leave large room for UNITY's affirmations. His flippancy makes the more need of our seriousness. It is for us to use the material of the tottering walls he overthrows in building fairer shrines for the human soul, remembering that on the same foundation can be built a Chinese pagoda or an Egyptian temple, and the same materials will serve for the erection of an English cathedral or a Turkish minaret. We can build edifices unsystematical, incomplete, needing repairs long ere we have finished them; or, unhampered by fate, circumstances and surroundings, we can rear structures well-proportioned, elegant and complete, that will endure "not for an age but for all time."

A correspondent writes us, "I am thoroughly convinced that a church is never self-supporting until it contributes, according to its ability, to those outside helps which are so essential to its own welfare, and I am preaching such a view to my people." Such preaching must be fruitful in good. This suggests an admirable sermon by Rev. A. M. Judy, of Davenport, recently published in the *Democrat* of that city, on the "Higher Relief," from which we quote the following pertinent paragraph:

Munificent as is our charity, it fails to care for the seed time, it waits for the harvest—the harvest of hunger, degradation and crime, and then it wastes millions in remedies, whereas hundreds at the beginning would not only have prevented the wretchedness, but would have added much to the happiness of life. Givers must learn that their duty does not end with the giving of the gift; it extends to the receiving of the gift. Yet this is a sermon not for less but for more charity—a charity of a higher kind. It may be easy enough for many persons to give one, five or twenty-five dollars each, but for them to give thought and time to the right disposition of their dollars is much harder. This hardest part is done last, of course, but it must be done. If the nation sends hundreds of thousands to relieve the sufferers, it is in duty bound to do the harder task of seeing that these thousands go to the right place. It will not do to let them encourage crime and poverty. It will not do to let the greedy snatch away the portion of the modest. It will not do to think of the thousand dollars and nothing of the thousand sufferers.

People call printed sermons "drugs," and yet how many of them are in demand! The extent to which our Western ministers *print* is surprising and cannot be realized to its full extent save by him who sits on the editorial cricket in UNITY office, where the papers come with the timely word of "our preacher's last Sunday's sermon," printed in full. One man after another breaks out into pamphlets more or less systematically. At the present time Messrs. Forbush of Detroit, Learned of St. Louis, and Thayer of Cincinnati, are publishing a series of monthly discourses. One of our Western churches, neither large nor rich, writes that the church-door rack is swept clear of the forty or fifty sermons placed on it every other Sunday. This is secured by two simple precautions on the part of the minister, viz: 1. A *prelude-word*, before the day's address, announcing the author and subject of the church-door sermon, which they will find on the rack as they go out that day, and perhaps a word or two on the man or his subject,—anything to interest. 2. Care to keep the whole thing *fresh*,—allow no accumulations of old material, etc. All this seems to indicate that there is room for the "Church-Door Pulpit," which will be launched upon its fortnightly mission before we greet our readers again. Let all our churches give it a trial, starting with the great word of America's great prophet, Emerson. Societies intending to secure this discourse either as regular or special subscribers must send

their orders early, as only a limited quantity of back numbers can be supplied.

A correspondent sends us the following clipping from the *Journal of Health*, concerning the relative nutritious qualities of food, and thoughtfully suggests that it is the kind of information our masses greatly need, that it may lead to that much-neglected road to wealth—economy. The American citizen is eager to know how to *make more money*. It were better for him if he sought to know how to *save more money*:

Some kinds of food are more nutritious than others, and if it should be found that articles which are cheapest have the most nutriment and give the highest ability to labor, then knowledge becomes money to the poor. Tables vary, but some of the general results are as follows: One pound of rice, prepared for the table, gives 88 per cent. of nutriment, and, consequently, a relatively proportional ability to labor, compared with other articles of food. A pound of beef, costing fifteen cents, gives only 25 per cent. of nutriment. Yet countless numbers of the poor strain a point daily to purchase beef at fifteen cents a pound, when they could get a pound of rice for one-third of the amount, the rice, too, having three times as much nutriment as beef, making a practical difference of 800 per cent. There is meaning, then, in the reputed fact that two-fifths of the human family live on rice.

We compile the following table for preservation, as being practically and permanently useful:

Kind of food.	Mode of preparation.	Percentage of nutriment.	Kind of food.	Mode of preparation.	Percentage of nutriment.
Oils.....	raw.....	95	Poultry.....	roast.....	26
Peas.....	boiled.....	93	Pork.....	roast.....	24
Barley.....	boiled.....	92	Veal.....	fried.....	24
Corn bread.....	baked.....	91	Venison.....	broiled.....	22
Wheat bread.....	baked.....	90	Codfish.....	boiled.....	21
Rice.....	boiled.....	88	Eggs.....	whipped.....	13
Beans.....	boiled.....	87	Apples.....	raw.....	10
Rye bread.....	baked.....	79	Milk.....	raw.....	7
Oat meal.....	porridge.....	74	Turnips.....	boiled.....	4
Mutton.....	broiled.....	30	Melons.....	raw.....	3
Beef.....	raw.....	26	Cucumbers.....	raw.....	2

The "Church-Door Pulpit" is fairly launched. The first issue, bearing date of April 8th, will contain Emerson's famous Divinity School Address. Now that the venture is afoot let us look more courageously into its possibilities for good. With few exceptions these discourses will not be stereotyped and no larger editions will be issued than will supply our regular subscribers. So that our friends who wait to see what the best things are, intending to order them, must not be disappointed if we are unable to anticipate their needs and tastes. The new publication fortunately makes its appearance with a word that has unquestionably the prophetic ring. Nearly half a century of suspicion and criticism has but revealed a beauty and power that has not yet come to its fullest appreciation. And we have great hopes that its appearance in the "Church-Door Pulpit" and Unity Mission form, will cause new eyes to gleam and fresh hearts to glow as it opens to them new ways of the spirit. Let those who find this new delight in it remember that the great "helper of the spirit," as Matthew Arnold justly calls him, has given us many kindred words though none superior to these.

This Address by Mr. Emerson to the Cambridge Divinity School in 1838, is one of three historic sermons connected with the growth of Unitarianism in America. The first was Channing's Baltimore sermon of 1819, defining "Unitarian Christianity,"—a bold clear-cut summary of the principles and doctrines held by the old faith, then first accepting its new name and the woes and joys of heresy. Probably no other single sermon preached before or since so stirred the land. The second was this Divinity School Address by



Emerson. The third was Theodore Parker's South Boston sermon in 1841, on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity,"—which at the time drove him forth a heretic from Unitarians themselves; then their own thought slowly followed his till he has become to most of us a prophet. Unitarianism *grows*. That is its joy, to be not an established, but a rooted faith; and so it grows.

A still brighter transfiguration in our minds has befallen Emerson and what he said three years before Parker spoke. His words fell then on earnest ears that could not hear. The Unitarians of the day, true to their own light, conscientiously rejected his, and him. That was in 1838. In 1834 we know no other words so simply true as these to voice our deepest faiths. And because this is so, and as a mark to chronicle this growth of faith, we asked permission, kindly given by his children and the publishers, to make this "tract" use of the eloquent Address. The thought is not to connect Emerson with "Unitarianism," but rather to connect Unitarianism with Emerson. His son writes,—

"Your representation of the reasons why you desire to print the Address to the Divinity Students is strong, and satisfies me as to the fitness of the measure, and I therefore freely consent. With regard to my Father's writings in general, I prefer to keep for them the vantage-ground of freedom from any *even appearance* of sectarian alliance, which their author always held after parting official connection with the churches; though he was always in sympathy with the Church in the broadest sense."

## Contributed and Selected.

### ON THE MOUNT.

Not always on the mount may we  
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;  
The shores of thought and feeling know  
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here—  
We cry, the heavenly presence near:  
The vision vanishes, our eyes  
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour  
Upon the soul redeeming power,  
And in its strength through weary days  
We travel our appointed ways.

The mount for vision,—but below  
The paths of daily duty go,  
Wherein a nobler life shall own  
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. HOSMER.

### FREEDOM.

I do recall a time when I was free,  
Or seemed it so unto my youthful will,  
What time as yet Philosophy was still  
And mystery no question had for me.  
A very monarch seemed I then to be.  
The while I sped adown the snowy hill,  
Or vied in boyhood's sunny pleasures—till  
I tasted knowledge, when I found her tree.  
But now I am to thousand masters slave.

And myriad voices bid me come and go;  
Still He who life's mysterious burden gave,  
Destroyed my fancied freedom, but to show  
That the sweet *liberty* I deepest crave  
Only in perfect *service* can I know.

B. R. BULKELEY.

### THE PERILS OF PRIVATE OWNERSHIP.

A great many elements go to make up the feeling of property. While having its origin in the universal feeling of mere possession, it is much larger and more developed than this. Every dog is capable of the simple, original feeling, but he is incapable of adding to it the infinite associations, memories and hopes, retrospect and prospect that allow it to take on the mighty qualities which we find in the human feeling of private ownership. My purpose here is not mental science, so that I need not delay with an analysis that would be as tedious as unprofitable. Assuming some familiarity with the feeling of private ownership, I will take this occasion to point out some of the perils attending it.

To those whose minds have been lately occupied with Mr. Henry George's books, my subject will have a false note. It may occur to them that I would lift up my voice and retail some of the horrors that that dauntless economist advocates. It may even be that some timid landed proprietor fresh from such perusal, will grasp at the above as a ray of light in the chaos of taxes "levied solely on land." But even were I not hindered from such a service of love by a massive feeling of incompetence to treat a subject whose professors are by no means in accord, I should avoid it, that I might rather speak of the greater perils attending private ownership of another kind. I refer to the ownership of ideas and beliefs and their attending perils. I speak of these latter perils as even more serious than those that attend property since the publication of "Progress and Poverty," and rightly so. It requires very little of our human nature and taxes its energies but slightly to become possessed of a piece of property in land. I mean that the essential nature of a man may be in no wise altered by becoming a property owner, because the whole is exterior to him. By no manner of means can a building lot, or the same lot furnished with a verticle slice of habitability, ever become an internal quality of his nature. In the words of Carlyle, it would always remain "clothes," and never become con-natural. Quite otherwise, however, is the private ownership of ideas. This is as strictly internal as the other was external. Ideas are soon consubstantial, and by their energy the nature of their proprietor or lessee is modified or even transformed. Goethe told Eckermann that "ideas were always serviceable to revolutionary aims." Now the revolution may eventually be social but previous to this it is personal. Ideas are serviceable to revolutionary aims, and they begin their work by a revolution in the nature of their possessor. It is for this reason that I can reconcile myself to a conscious sense of incompetency to treat of the dangers awaiting ownership of the soil, and speak of the far more serious dangers that continually beset the ownership of ideas.

I can express the thought of the danger attending the holder of ideas no more clearly than by saying that the idea always tends to possess its possessor. This is indeed a strange fact, but it is none the less a fact. The danger of



ownership of ideas is that in the end, the ideas are the owners of the man. Only the ripest and strongest nature can resist the silent danger of it. The bondage into which the former proprietor is held is of the most galling kind. The straightforward relations that at first existed between the man and the incoming ideas are slowly, imperceptibly, changed. We find a type of the process in the legends of early Christians made captives by Gothic, Abyssinian and other hordes, the latter becoming in the end the captives of their captives, the bond of their bond. One needs but to think of modern and cultureless races, among whom spells wrought by their sorcerers are so effectual that the subjects are known to lie down and die from sheer fright. Again, a savage will write his enemy's name on a board, which he will then burn, taking care that he whose name is written thereon should learn of the circumstance. We cannot sufficiently admire the readiness with which the latter thereupon surrenders his life. No violence, no sanguinary encounter; only, having heard that his enemy has burnt him in name, with touching devotion to linguistic he lies down to die in fact. How much would the satisfaction of the honor of our Southern chivalry be simplified, if the recipient of a challenge were but half so accommodating.

I trust that I have made clear that the private ownership of ideas is more than we are wont to consider it to be; particularly more dangerous. There is a responsibility attaching to the ownership of an idea to which we have hitherto given little attention. Here is a quiet, deprecating guest that ends by wrenching the household control from the crestfallen master, and tyrannizes over him remorselessly. So securely does he intrench himself, by vitiating the master's taste for other company, that he becomes without a rival, an absolute despot and autocrat. There was Tertullian, who lived not so long ago that his case is without instruction. Failing to interrogate his ideas as they presented themselves for admission, and to put on each a promise of good behavior, that renowned heretic ended by a complete submission to his ideas. Of what sort they were is soon known, when we hear him say "I believe because it is impossible." Moreover, a man's mischief is seldom confined to himself in its evil results. Many centuries after Tertullian had become silent, there appears a true disciple, bedridden of the same disease of ideas. Sir Thomas Browne says "Tis my solitary occupation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all objections on that odd resolution I learned from Tertullian. It is true because it is impossible." Poor man; he also unwittingly entertained those ideas, recklessly gave himself up to them, and ended in subjugation. What a religion for a physician or for any one, mechanic or Arab Sheik! "I believe because it is impossible." Whatever dangers then may threaten the holder of title deeds since the appearance of the root-and-branch systems of state ownership of land, there are many worse dangers threatening the private ownership of ideas. There is the danger of what is known as *dominant ideas*; that is, ideas which take so firm a hold of the person, that not only thought, but sense may be impossible without these impertinent ingredients. The subject is in precisely the case of one in whom somnambulism has been induced. He appears awake, he appears to think. In truth, however, he has given over the command of his whole being to some idea. The experimenter gives him a small piece of chalk and tells him to "eat that strawberry." It is as luscious to him as the first pick of June. On the other hand, he may

give him a strawberry and order him to write with "that piece of chalk." The idea to which he has surrendered his being is the only possible notion to him.

It is due to an imperfect sense of the dangers attaching to private ownership of ideas that we are so careless of the presence of wholesome and enlarging notions, and so familiar with the ill-natured ones. Naturally the notion of the angles of any triangle being equal to two right angles, is always not only harmless but beneficial. It is public property; universally valid. On the other hand, the private ownership of such ideas as those that are leading some reverend gentlemen of New York to provoke a trial of Mr. Heber Newton, can only be considered as a signal instance of the dangers attending the same. If those gentlemen had a more real sense of the old monastic vow of poverty, they would give up this private ownership of superannuated ideas, for the fresher and more public notions, dating at least after the Reformation. Let me illustrate by one more case.

In a recent review is to be found an article by an English scholar, on the "Saints of Islam." The author, Mr. W. S. Lilly, writes in that far away, tender, complacent manner, and leads us to believe that in consequence of the exalted religious sentiments of these "Saints of Islam," they surely will not all be damned at the day of judgment. One of these saints especially attracts him, and in this charitable hope he doubtless would fare the best. It is Faridu-d-Din 'Attar, with his "Book of Counsels." Born in the 12th century, he succeeded to his father's prosperous business in drugs and spices. One day, while standing among the bales, there appeared a holy anchorite. 'Attar sharply ordered him off. "I can easily do that," said the Dervish, "for nothing save this poor habit do I bear with me. But you, when Allah bids you be off, how can you carry your bales with their drugs and spices?" 'Attar forsook his mercantile life and became a Saint of Islam. His *Pend-Nama*, or *Book of Counsels*, begins by invoking the name of God, the All-Bountiful and All-Merciful and continues: "A fugitive slave, I approach Thy gate. Shame hath covered my face. Thou shalt purify me from my sins before Thou turnest me again to the dust. My brother, never open thy lips but to set forth the praise of God. Silence is the exercise of the wise. The thought of God is the true food of the soul; the only medicine for the wounds of the heart. The only knowing is the knowledge of God, and he that possesses it has no place in his heart, save for God only." So much for the *Book of Counsels*, and now see the dangers awaiting the private ownership in ideas. Some of us that feel religion to be an utterly free and universal fact would be quite satisfied with 'Attar. The love of God is his main theme and the thought of the Divine his only source of inspiration; the only worthy object of life is union in the Divine Life. For "virility, simplicity, directness and elevation," we are told, "the book must take a high place among the manuals of piety."

"But," says Mr. Lilly, "To the Christian it presents the one radical defect,—the defect which even before his conversion repelled St. Augustine from certain philosophic writings, otherwise most excellent and winning; that *the saving name of Christ was not mentioned therein*." To such a degree of imbecility does induced somnambulism bring us; to such perils of egotism, the private ownership of ideas. While the main theme is the love of God and this the main source of inspiration; while according to it, the only true object of life is union with the divine life,



yet the *saving name* being absent, it presents to the Christian, "one radical defect." One might not unreasonably ask, whether Christianity and the private ownership of ideas were not maintained at too great a cost? Whether to set ourselves up in a public review as finding radical defects merely because our particular hand-painted banner was not in use, although, the object of religion, the aim of living were in both identical, whether this were not too expensive, too close to what is known as silly, for us to retain the private property of ideas? Whether it were not better for us to have only great, eternal and liberal ideas,

"Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,"

and whether it were not better for us to give up our private property requiring a rigid brand, never to be known as belonging to any other than ourselves? I am informed that these brands and marks of private ownership are indispensable to the sheep growers of the West, but I hesitate to say the same of the truths of religion as of our Western sheep.

I hope that the students of the land problem will credit me with no surreptitious attempts to insinuate an analogy of reasoning, when I urge the superiority of public ownership of ideas. An idea that can be locked in one little breast is surely lodged there for the good of mankind; since being safely out of the way, it doth no more disturb. To large men, ideas with private brands, requiring saving names, are not desirable. The nature of truth is the agreement between the order of the ideas of the mind and the order of things. A truth is great then, because it presents a universal order, a ubiquitous relation. *The truth* is the last and widest and completest congruity of life and mind. A limiting, saving name is an insult, private ownership a degradation. Or as another Saint of Islam in writing of the Seven Valleys through which the soul must pass before it can pour itself into the great ocean of Divine Love; "Thence the soul passes to the sixth valley—the valley of amazement; a dolorous region where blind to excess of light from the revelation of the Unity, it gropes its way in pain and confusion. Should any man say to such an one, art thou annihilated or existent, or both or either? Art thou thyself or not thyself? he would reply, I know nothing at all, not even that I know nothing. I am neither Muslim nor Infidel. I have no knowledge of my love." Such is the stage before the supreme moment of life. All knowledge, all saving names, all private ownership suspended. Nothing now but the irresistible fact of Divine Love. Nothing now but an utter commonalty in God. The perils of private ownership overcome by the widest brotherhood and love.

JOHN TUNIS.

#### SINCERITY IN BIBLE READING.

It is very desirable that the selections from the Old Testament should be only those passages which we can read with honesty and sincerity. When I go into a church and hear them reading from the Psalms, in the most solemn way, those passages in regard to our "enemies," such as "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones," it seems to me that there is great want of sincerity in that service. Or, when they read, as I have heard them sometimes, in the same kind of solemn intonation as if it were the highest act of worship, "Moab is my washpot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe," I think it would be better to have such things omitted from public worship. Even in the funeral service, that noble chapter from Corin-

thians, which has so much in it full of strength and comfort, certainly would be improved, if we should leave out that unintelligible sentence, "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?" For we know that, even two or three centuries after the Apostle wrote that, no one understood what was meant by it.—*Jas. Freeman Clarke, in a recent lecture to the Cambridge Divinity Students.*

#### VINETA.

From the still mysterious depths of ocean  
Vesper bells are ringing sweet and low,  
Bringing to us tidings from the city  
Sunk beneath the waters long ago.

Quaint and lovely lies the city hidden  
Underneath the waves which guard its walls—  
Only sometimes comes a golden shimmer  
Of reflected light from castle halls.

And the boatman, who at early evening  
Once has caught that gleam of magic light,  
Rows his skiff around the spot forever,  
Though the cliffs above frown dark as night.

From my heart's mysterious undercurrent  
Comes a silver chiming sweet and low,  
And it seems to bring me tender greetings  
From the love who loved me long ago.

An enchanted world lies hid forever  
Underneath my life's dull ebb and flow,  
Only sometimes comes like light from heaven  
To my dreams this faint reflected glow.

And I long to sink beneath the waters—  
Lose myself in that reflection bright,  
For it seems as if the angels called me  
Back into that world of love and light.

—Translated from the German of Wilhelm Mueller, by  
E. E. M.

#### POST-OFFICE MISSION WORK.

During the last two decades Unitarianism has been strongly emerging from the defensive attitude of its first earnest protest, and from the intervening stage of complacent quiet, until we now find, East and West, the prophetic stir of the missionary spirit. We begin to realize that *Unitarianism has a mission*, and that it must fulfill its high behest, or give place to something else that will. The new demand is calling forth resources heretofore latent, and among these we find the Women's Conferences East and West. Woman invariably comes to the front when she knows that there is something to be done, and that she can help do it.

One of the most interesting forms which this new zeal is taking is this effort at *missionary work through the mail*. Outside of Cincinnati it is yet in embryo. But the work from that centre has now been carried forward for a sufficient length of time to demonstrate both its possibility and its potency. We believe it is destined to become an increasingly important factor in the work of saving our generation



from utter unbelief, in supplanting the crumbling stones of superstition with those deep foundations that reach down below all upheaval and change.

Our possibilities in putting the living preacher as missionary into the field, are, at best, meagre; but to this method of "sowing beside all waters" there is practically no limit.

The work already accomplished through Miss Ellis, of Cincinnati, with her frail body, but warm and earnest heart, is not only touching, but significant and stimulating. It is no surface work. It deals with that which abides, and it brings its own reward, in the responsive throb of awakening interest, of kindling zeal, of sincere gratitude that one is sure to feel coming up from East and West, from North and South, if one only sows in faith, and waits in patience for the result.

Every Unitarian society in the West, ought to develop and foster a centre for this work. The ability to do it effectively lies idly rusting through inaction in every church. It is even possible where there is no church, but only a warm and loyal heart beating steadily by itself.

This work, we believe, should be systematically undertaken by each State Conference. We in Iowa have done some preliminary work in this direction, and in a year from this time, we hope to have at least half a dozen committees actively at work.

We regard the subject of *material*, or the proper *tools* for the work, as one of vital importance, and one that will fully justify the thoughtful consideration which some of our earnest Western workers are now giving to it.

In the very interesting report of Miss Ellis, in *UNITY* for March 1, we find under this head, this passage—"We believe in loaning the books of the early ministers of our denomination as a good stepping stone to Unitarianism as now taught in our pulpits. It is where our present ministers received their instruction." Now we cannot entirely agree with this. It seems to us that not only our religious thought but our civilization, our attitude to the universe, has so entirely changed within the last half century, that those who now turn to us for light and guidance can hardly find their way by the same "stepping-stones" that served our fathers.

Here, if anywhere, "new occasions teach new duties." We must have the *new* and *grander* affirmations to meet these graver and more fundamental doubts. In our experience we do not find people troubled about *Baptism* or *Miracles* or "the immaculate conception," or the precise number of "Scriptural proofs," but we do meet and see everywhere, those who, finding all their old foundations crumbling beneath them, eagerly inquire—"What remains?" "Is there anything left that claims our reverence?"

We see everywhere a strong drift toward the starless desert of materialism and to us, in the gropings of these drifters, there is unspeakable pathos. "Is there any God but Law?" "Is there immortality?" "Is there a Bible?" "How is religion related to this complicated civilization with its new and imperative problem?" We need to state the eternal verities anew, to tell these questioners "why we are Unitarians" to-day, why it is for us still "*glad tidings*," lifting us above all conflict and discord, into the region of eternal harmony.

But we promised to give some extracts from the letters of applicants, thus hoping to deepen the interest in this work. For the sake of economizing space, we will give these extracts one after another, without explanations of time and

place which would increase their interest were there room for them.

"I received the book and package of pamphlets all right, and a good ration they have proved to be to a hungry soul to know there are so many progressive people in the world on so sound a basis. Notwithstanding I have tried to be a consistent member of the Methodist church for over thirty years, for the last ten I have been in a constant struggle of mind to find a highway out of the foolish credulity in the untenable doctrines of Total Depravity, the Fall of Adam, the Plan of Redemption, Special Providence, and other man-made dogmas held essential to salvation. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* I have been seeking truth in all directions based on God and His Natural Laws and have enjoyed a more constant peace than when on the mountain top of credulity. \* \* \* If there can be an interest kept up with those persons whose names I gave you, with your literature, I think it would open the way for some strong, able preacher to come and do some missionary work among us."

A first application is often similar to this: "Being of an inquiring turn of mind and not being satisfied with religion as preached here by the orthodox ministry, I take the liberty of addressing you, etc." Or—"That's the kind of reading matter that suits me, and we have none here, nor any preaching of that kind," or—"Will you favor me with some of your pamphlets? \* \* \* I think there is an opening here for a liberal organization." Again—"Anything you favor me with will be thankfully received and passed around. Every day I see the need of something different from the old narrow creeds. They are dying out fast."

A young woman in New York who, for want of something better, still attends the orthodox church, writes—"I am not so much in want of something to lead me to form opinions as to the best religious views, as to know people who have the same thought. \* \* \* I know there must be people somewhere who think as we do. It would make it so much pleasanter living if we could be among them."

A widow writes—"One of my sons has got disgusted with orthodoxy and is drifting toward materialism. Please send me something to suit his case." We sent with other matter, Blake's "Letter to a Friend" and Savage's "Belief in God." Another writes—"I think perhaps that is what I now lack to satisfy my craving for something in advance of the old dry orthodoxy as taught from the pulpits. \* \* \* Give me a full prescription. I have time to read and think." Another—"I wish to investigate though not leaning at all to the doctrine."

"I am interested in Unitarian work but can do nothing here, as there are very few liberal people here. Have subscribed for the *Register*."—"Am much pleased with *UNITY*. Intend to take it. The article on John Morley was alone worth the price of subscription." "I received the little book some time since. Am quite favorably inclined toward your faith."

"I read the *Register* with so much pleasure and satisfaction that I should feel lost without it. Many thanks to the lady who sends it to me. I make good use of it after I have read it by loaning it to my neighbors." From a farmer,—"Thanks for those Reviews. My son and I sat up till nearly midnight a number of nights reading them. My son is quite a reader and thinker, but has been very materialistic. I think those Reviews will do him good."

"Have lived in Iowa eleven years without hearing a Unitarian sermon. \* \* \* Some time ago I wrote to



Boston for Tracts, which I read with pleasure, and distributed among my friends. My husband and I have regarded ourselves as Unitarians for the last twenty years, and I intend to hold fast for the next twenty, if life is spared. \*

\* \* We used to hear Rev. Brooke Herford when he was stationed in Sheffield, England, thirteen years ago. I would go a long way to hear another of his sermons. \* \* We also knew another minister, the Rev. John Page Hopps.

\* \* \* He was a second Spurgeon."

From the lumber regions of Michigan,—“Had I been born and brought up a Unitarian I could not have been more pleased with the reading matter sent.”

“Upon getting the reading matter from you I sent to the A. U. A., of Boston, for Channing’s works, Year Book and Tracts, and from their list of publications have sent for the following ten volumes, which will keep me busy for the present.”

“I am very thankful to you for making to me that excellent suggestion to read ‘Belief in God.’ \* \* \* I have sent some of my tracts to some acquaintances in adjoining counties. I will try to help them break through the dogma mists.”

“I am very glad that I read the *Inter Ocean* and thus saw mention made of Unitarianism, and for the kindness received since from you, and from the publishing establishment in Boston.”

“I have found great relief and comfort in getting acquainted with the Unitarian Christian doctrine. The God whom they worship is my God, and under their banner of freedom, fellowship and character in religion I shall be content to march.”

“I have tried to make good use of the books you sent me. ‘*Common Sense*’ has been read by three families. I sent to the *Register* office for some copies of Heber Newton’s sermons. They are all out, brushing away cobwebs, I hope. There was a Tract received with those sermons entitled ‘What do Unitarians Believe?’ by Chas. W. Wendte. I wish I had two or three dozen of them; I believe they would do good work. I will subscribe for the *Register* as soon as I feel able. I miss it exceedingly. Any good reading you may send us will be appreciated.” Later when receiving the *Register* through the kindness of some Eastern friend he writes,—“Whom can I thank for the *Register*? I can’t tell you how glad I am to receive them. \* \* \* Thanking you for the many favors received which have helped us so much in our aspirations and our yearnings, I am, etc.”

Another writes,—“Yours of the 24th is before me with the copies of *UNITY*, for which accept my thanks. I appreciate them very much.” Another,—“We have a nest of liberal thinkers in this section. We desire what aid we can obtain. May success attend you.”

Another closes with,—“Hoping that the Association of which you are Secretary and every similar organization in the land, may do much good in the field in which you are working, and that the One God will bestow his blessing upon your labors, I remain, etc.”

A few words of introduction to these scattered writers would add greatly to their interest. We might go on almost indefinitely, but have given enough to show how these scattered chords vibrate when touched by an earnest effort. The work is everywhere waiting to be done.

C. T. COLE.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

## THE WILL.

Blame not the times in which we live,  
Nor Fortune, frail and fugitive;  
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule  
Of vice or wrong once learned at school;  
But blame thyself, O man!

Although both heaven and earth combined  
To mould thy flesh and form thy mind,  
Though every thought, word, action, will,  
Was framed by powers beyond thee, still  
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave is free,  
Feeling its own sufficiency;  
In spite of science, spite of fate,  
The judge within thee, soon or late,  
Will blame but thee, O man!

Say not, “I would, but could not,—He  
Should bear the blame who fashioned me,—  
Call you mere change of motive choice?”  
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice  
Cries, “Thine the deed, O man!”

—J. A. Symonds.

## ORVILLE DEWEY.\*

Dr. Dewey’s writings are alive and tremulous with nature in this transcendent posture as the clothing of thought, or the cipher to which the numeral gives its worth. The zero has no absolute value in itself. The universe were nonentity without God. But human nature is the region and spring of his sermon, which is always a song. He stayed not in Calvinism, because he was a singer, and by no contrapuntal notation could the five points to or by him be sung. In practical depth and various unfolding of the subject, which was his object, too, he excelled Channing himself, as he exceeded him in the peculiar sensibility to human conditions, and wants and woes, pleasures and pursuits, which make the unrolling panorama of life. Channing was the Paganini of the pulpit, and played on one string, or he was a soloist in the vocal concert. Dewey was dramatic. His voice had the range of an orchestra. With hazardous rhetoric, Thomas Starr King said that so as he did would God speak in the tongue of men. In combination of grace of utterance, he was, at his best, the unrivaled head of his peers. Channing was doctrinary, ideal, a pioneer, the sturdiest of all with his ax at the root of the tree of old superstition; and the individuality of his nature, singularity of his position, and audacity of his attack, gave him an influence unmatched. Dewey was masterly and productive to improve the clearing his predecessor and for a time colleague had made; and never was keener element to work with than the edge of feeling in his soul. In one of his letters, with lowly and exact self-knowledge, he alludes to this as his characteristic trait. So much is there of French vivacity in his style that one might suspect a rill in his veins of Gallic blood. Channing was the calm Platonist,

\* THE WORKS OF ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D. With a Biographical Sketch. New and complete edition. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1884. 8vo. pp. 804. \$1.00.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS OF ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Dewey. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884. 12mo. pp. 366.



—“potted” as one said; a slip or graft from the Greek plant. Walker was the logician; Nichols rational as Aristotle; later Bellows, patriot and secularist; and Putnam, putting his point with a girt gymnastic force. Many besides, rich and noble in outfit, presented argument both earnest and cool. With Dewey alone did the sentiment superabound, however commonplace the occasion or arid the test. For him and his hearers alike, tears were never far off; and, if not shed, had to be withheld. Yet sentimental he seldom was, and never weak. He was a robust thinker, and pondered, with musing long and profound, before he spoke. But while he was musing, the fire never failed to burn. Plenty of fuel was in him, not green, but combustible; and all circumstances of house, office or street, however light and trivial, were his kindling stuff. He drove and he drew his flock. He addressed with alarming cogency, as in his sermons on Retribution, the moral sense. His method never left that faculty out. But the tenderness of a heart in which kindness was the core always came in. His trumpet had a soft and gentle flute-like tone. His voice was not a clarion, but a violin. His discourses on Business, in the city of New York, showed his ability to deal with all the complexities of affairs, and to trace the clew of duty through the labyrinthine turns of traffic. But the affectionate tone, like the *vox humana* stop on the organ, inevitably recurred, with a sound so affectionate and grand as to rejoice the heart and ring from the vault. To be in the current of his sublime and loving delivery was like grasping the poles of a galvanic battery, whose manifold plates, suffused with and conducting one property, and ending in a multiple weighty impression, strengthen while they thrill the fleshly frame, till we doubt whether for the warning to relinquish or for the stimulus to retain our hold. The electric fluid, for medical treatment as well as for light, is coming into vogue. Well were it, if some perfunctory persons in clerical robes could borrow the charged disks! Dewey was congenitally a magnetic man. Simplicity was blended with dignity in his look and presence. He had the air of a child with the port of a king. He was what he seemed. A sway and roll of the body and head, an action of eloquence peculiar to him, as of a ship, with “short, uneasy motion,” getting under way, signalized his launching on his theme; and no voyage imported more than did preaching in his view.

Dewey was one of the band inspired to teach that, while we receive and respect the venerable and indispensable devotions handed down, we must yet go behind and beyond the church and the documents she holds in her hands. Tradition is a live deposit, and yet it is but part of the experience to which every new generation adds. We have our own questions to handle, and a before unknown work to do. Obsolete laws in the Pentateuch, inhuman sentiments in the Psalms, incorrect or unfulfilled forecastings in the Prophets, with a gap which the Apocrypha scarce more than the blank leaves can cover between the Old Testament and the New, statistics that would vitiate a congressional report, and discrepancies across which no bridge of scholarship can be flung, seem indeed devised by Providence to beat down bibliolatry, and confine us more closely to our own revelations and stints, and to open a reverential ear to the oracle within. But invalid superstition lingers, and dies hard. That the external, after all, is the vital, is by clergy and laity how extensively maintained! Thought, knowledge, imagination, aspiration, work, and love,—all these, it has lately been proclaimed are not essential, only the repentance and

obedience which Christ has made possible do we need. What a sweeping is here of inward witnesses, more important than all apostles or epistles, out of court! What a ban of ecclesiastical authority is laid on the human soul! It is a blot on the image in the name of God, and an embargo put on all commerce of the mind, in favor of a monopoly of the priest. Diverse ages seem to be now present together! The former centuries and the present clash. We have collision instead of evolution. We are bound like all foregoing martyrs to protest against error, while testifying to the truth. Old mistakes are not, as a lazy optimism flatters itself, overcome by being outgrown. They must be removed like stones from the field, or pulled out like stumps, by main force. Let us honor those who, as the Master bids us, say nay, nay, as well as yea, yea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not for his political prophecy, but his piety, Orville Dewey will live on earth a long period still,—in the works that throb with sentiment, which is the real, realizing, and everlasting part or core of religion. Abraham's or David's ideas on all matters have suffered change, at every point been modified or reversed. Their faith, or feeling for God, has so come down it can be expressed in identical terms. There are limits to logic as to hearing and sight. Feeling is the comprehensive property of all living nature. The bird feels the infinite air it breathes and flies through; the fish, the boundless sea it refreshes its fan-like gills with, and floats or swims in; the worm, the cloddy earth it fertilizes and upheaves, while drawing it through its small, ringed cylinder of a body, and encompassed by it; and man feels the immensity that environs him, and is the womb or matrix of his life. Blind Samson wished to feel, that he might lean on them, the pillars of the Philistine temple. We would feel those columns of the creation that support us and cannot be pulled down. The tenderness, especially, of the power that approaches and uplifts us, Dr. Dewey felt and portrayed.

Under the storm of persecution which drove them by thousands into the Catacombs in the neighborhood of Rome and other cities, the early Christians were more conscious of this quality in our religion than many of the later ones have been. In one of those gloomy retreats, some artist of their number drew a Christ having on his shoulder not a lamb, but a kid, the young of a goat, as if to plead that the goats, though set on the left hand of the judge, as God made them, should yet have a chance. Such a picture might well represent the discipleship and artistic gift of the man who has furnished our theme.—*C. A. Bartol, in the Unitarian Review for March.*

## OUT OF ORTHODOXY.

We shall yet have to wade through much stuff to find Jesus. We will have to go into the gospels themselves, knife in hand, and cut a path through the maze of miracle to reach his natural, simple self. Even now, whatever else we may be doubtful of, there is one open space in the gospels where we know he stands in his own unclouded beauty. That open space, free from the twilight and flitting ghosts of superstition, is the mount of beatitudes. The simple, unobstructed light of the sky, is the only halo, aside from the moral radiance of his natural person that surrounds him. Those are human eyes. Those are human lips. That is a true, manly smile, that lights his face. It is the truth



he speaks which alone transfigures him—truth so long waited for, so evidently manna from God to the hungry souls that hear and feed, that we cannot much wonder it was clothed with visible divinity. Chapter after chapter, from the fifth of Matthew on, was a strain, such as never greeted the earth before. Carlyle would call it "sphere-music." It is indeed sphere-music, for it chimes in with all else the universe has really had to say to men, before or since, and especially since. And with what steady, silvery, flowing, artless grace, it rolls. He who gave it voice stood very near the heart of the Eternal, and just as near the universal heart of man. Surely then was he a mediator, expressing in a truly human person, all that man could see and feel of God.

You may think me extravagant. But when a glorious sunrise bursts upon you, you must be extravagant. When a mountain range, topped with snow, and transfigured in ethereal light, sends its mighty enchantment down upon you, your rapture may be forgiven. When you stand for the first time, on some great rock by the sea, and in its sweep and the sound of its waves see and hear the infinite, your reverence honors you, your sense of littleness is your exaltation.

Such words need no other proof but themselves, because accompanying miracle and sign can give no greater force. They meet the cry of the heart with a generous response. They satisfy the asking of the mind, as the sunlight satisfies our eyes. They are magnets which seek and claim what belongs to them of right. They are perfect truth, perfect poetry, perfect reason, perfect music, perfect beauty. They come straight from that great Nature out of which we came, and unto which we go, and here we find and know we find, a genuine, if not by preëminence, what he loved to call himself, son of man who, with the race he represents is the Son of God.—*E. A. Higgins, Leavenworth, Kans.*

#### AN ALLEGORY.

Away down beneath the deep blue waves of the tropic sea a little water-sprite was living; she had long enjoyed the genial warmth of her watery home, content to fritter away the golden moments that passed so quickly into dreamy, delicious days, and taking no thought for what was beyond her own limpid horizon. One morning as she was frolic-ing with her many companions, she suddenly found herself outside of her native element, but the first gasp of terror that escaped from her trembling lips was changed into a murmur of delight at the scene of wondrous beauty that burst upon her startled vision; gigantic trees, brilliant flowers, and fantastic birds flashed into view as if summoned by a magic wand; spice-laden breezes cooled her throbbing temples, and the splash of the waves against the rounded pebbles and richly tinted shells upon the shore was most charming music to her. The impulse to become familiar with these enticing scenes was irresistible. She gathered her vapory cloak around her, and, lifting her shadowy feet from the water, glided smilingly into upper air; but soon she was seized by an invisible monster and hurried roughly away to regions that grew more and more cold; her hair became stiff and brittle, the graceful curls rustling like corn husks in the autumn wind, and snapping off like icicles when too roughly shaken; her pliant cloak hardened and contracted till it encircled her in a grip like iron; she was in a region so desolate and bar-

ren that if a bird wished to pass through it he must carry his provisions with him. At last the cold reached her heart, and the little thing lay dead on the inhospitable ice.

CYNTHIA ELDERBLOW.

#### LIFE'S ROUND.

Yes, the new days come and the old days go,  
And I the while rejoice,  
For now 'tis the rose and now 'tis the snow,  
And now a sweet bird voice;  
And now 'tis the heart of all that is sweet,  
And then the shade of care;  
And then 'tis a pain, like the lightning fleet,  
And then God's glory there!

—*William Brunton in Christian Register.*

### Correspondence.

#### EVOLUTION IN THE PULPIT AGAIN.

DEAR UNITY:—In my sermon, "Nine Years of a Modern Ministry"—preached last June—I said:

"And, in one sense at least, my doctrine has been new. So far as I know, I am the first minister, in either America or Europe, not who has acknowledged the truth of evolution, but who has not only frankly and publicly accepted it, but has made it the basis of his regular pulpit teachings, and who has attempted something like a reconstruction of theology in consistency with it."

When I made the remark, "I didn't know it was loaded." But it seems it must have been, for it "went off" with a "report" that woke an echo in your sanctum, and a counter echo in the office of the *Christian Register*. You questioned whether the claim of priority in this matter—whatever it may be worth—was true. And the *Register* asked the question as to who was first, if I was not. Now comes the next chapter, in your list of letters in your issue of the 1st inst.

It will be noticed that my original statement was a most carefully guarded one. 1st. I said, "so far as I know." 2d. I left out of account the question as to the first minister who "acknowledged the truth of evolution."

This guarded claim then included what, for the sake of clearness, may be separated into three points. 1. The frank and public acceptance of evolution, *as a minister*. I know ministers who accept it frankly and publicly, *when off duty*. There are many such in the orthodox churches. 2. Making the evolutionary view of the universe "the basis of regular pulpit teachings." 3. Attempting "something like a reconstruction of theology in consistency with it." Of course this last point involves no criticism of the completeness, or satisfactory nature, of this reconstruction.

Now I hope no one will suppose that I intend to enter the field as a champion of my own claim to priority in this matter. I had no such purpose in mind in my sermon; and I have none now. It is UNITY that has raised the question of fact. I am glad it has done so; for it is a matter of some interest, and may be of more interest hereafter. My only wish then at present is to contribute, so far as I may, toward the settlement of this question of fact. If I find that somebody else was ahead of me, I will cheerfully accord him the honor—if he thinks it such. While if it ever



proves to be a dishonor, I will gladly stand by his side, and do what I can to help him bear it. Such then is my position in the matter.

Mr. Utter speaks of being converted to the doctrine in the Divinity School. It was my fortune—good or bad—to be trained in a theological seminary where the whole question of development, as it was there called, was treated with ridicule. One of the favorite jokes of our senior Professor was to ridicule what he regarded as the infernal origin of the theory, by pronouncing the word *development*, making the first syllable consist of three letters, and giving it a strong accent. In accepting evolution, therefore I had to burst through the obstructions of the prejudices and training of all my life, up to that time.

In looking carefully over your list of letters and the dates attached, I find only two of which I need to take account. My work in this direction preceded them all, with the possible exception of Mr. Connor and Mr. Mann.\* In saying this, I make no claim to merit; I simply state a fact. The reason, very likely, may be found in the statement that I am *older* than some of the rest, and began preaching before they did. *This kind* of merit I would willingly have somebody take away from me.

A more particular conference with Mr. Mann and Mr. Connor, so that we all three might determine a little more carefully *just what and how much* we mean by *accepting and preaching and reconstructing*, might settle the matter definitely—were it worth while. Until then, however, I will leave it where it is; only expressing my satisfaction at finding myself in such good company.

M. J. SAVAGE.

*Boston, March 11, '84.*

P. S.—It may be worth while for me to add that I began the work long before leaving the orthodox church. On one occasion I raised quite a breeze in an orthodox conference by reading a carefully prepared essay in defense of Darwinism.

## THE OLD SOUTH.

I wonder if the West has caught even a ripple of the historic awakening which is pulsing through the heart and brain of the great Eastern commonwealth. To the Centennial anniversaries of the past decade must of course be attributed this revival which we hail as such a healthy sign of the times. The enthusiasm of the hour seems centering in the Old South. This staunch old meeting house has finally triumphed. Though the present has often dared to destroy, yet Boston's heart has spared the blow and it stands to-day, and we trust may ever stand to tell its inspiring story and shield the hearts of grateful posterity until the end. One cannot enter within its shadowy enclosure from the busy thoroughfare of to-day without being caught by the spirit of this consecrated home of our Republic.

I love to go there each week and sit quietly among these memory-exciting surroundings, while the earnest historian, Mr. John Fiske, reviews for us our solemn past. I pass sometimes into a reverie as my eyes linger on the proud gray walls, deep window recesses and firm double galleries, or rest on the grave countenance of Washington, whom I can see as he once stood on the spot and beheld the desec-

ration the Bishop had wrought. But more even than all these reminders does that large canvas just beneath the old pulpit canopy speak to us, picturing in a dimmed mellow light that memorable 6th of March address of Warren—the anniversary of the Boston massacre. There he stands, the spirited young hero, who balked by the crowd at the door had climbed to the pulpit window and enters there amid the clamorous hisses and cheers of the British officers, soldiers and patriots forming the multitude below.

Or my thoughts directed by the head of Samuel Adams, at the left of the speaker, flow back to that first staunch leader who commanded the adjourned mass meeting from Faneuil Hall here at the Old South, and which resulted in the Boston Tea Party.

But a stir in the audience, or applause at some glowing eulogy from the speaker, recalls me to the realities of the present, and I look about on the splendid array of men and women come to do homage to this spirited past. The typical lecture-loving Bostonians are here, scholars, professors, divines, teachers, worthy descendants of illustrious progenitors—among them old Dr. Bartol, Rev. E. E. Hale, Mr. Gannett, Julia Ward Howe and Miss Anna Ticknor.

This course of lectures is still in progress, and even before it is finished has created such interest that Mr. Fiske has been urged to repeat it, which he has begun to do, attracting increasing audiences at each hearing. The lectures are soon to be published, and will deserve the attention of every American student.

Through the summer past free lectures were given in the Old South by Rev. E. E. Hale, Sanborn and Fiske, which drew hundreds of children into a closer and more living knowledge of American history, unfortunately, because ill-taught, always a subject of dread and dislike in the schools. And to wind up these interesting activities four prizes of forty and twenty dollars each have lately been awarded to young graduates from the Boston and Worcester public schools who have written the best essays on assigned subject in American history. They were offered of course to stimulate the interest and study of our history and to educate the young in patriotism, which commendable efforts our Western cities would do well to imitate.

As Mr. Mead has been telling you in Chicago, the citizens of Boston are aiming to make the Old South the great nucleus from which shall flow enlightenment and inspiration on all religious and political subjects throughout this land, and to make it again the rallying point for public meetings, having for their purpose the welfare of city, state and country.

The recent unveiling of the statue of Harriet Martineau in the Old South was an event of very peculiar interest at the time, attracting as it did a bright band of venerable reformers who struck again the old thrilling key-note which had wrung thousands of hearts twenty years ago. But now this occasion must be held forever sacred and memorable as having offered the platform from which the last words of Wendell Phillips' fervent eloquence fell upon the hearts of a public gathering. With what riveted attention did the eager auditors catch every syllable that dropped from the lips of this grand old orator as in the majesty of his years he reviewed the incidents of Miss Martineau's visit to Boston during the riotous anti-slavery times.

And so under the pulpit canopy of the Old South the lines of saints and heroes file. Let us halt in the rush of our eager life of to-day to commune in memory with these builders and defenders of our liberties and pay our grateful

\*It will be noticed that this letter was written before the appearance of the last UNITY, containing the communications of Messrs. Allen, Blake and Forbush.—[EDITOR.]



homage, not alone to them, but to this sacred old edifice as well, which thus becomes a worthy temple in which to enshrine them in our hearts.

FLORENCE HILTON.

### ERRATA.

If any of your readers were kind enough to look at the paragraph copied from an old *Christian Examiner* in the last UNITY, I hope they were also bright enough to see that it spoke of the process of creation as "ONE thought of God." To call it "our thought of God" is a species of subjective idealism, which I cannot read any meaning into. I trust, also, that they gave me credit (as I wish the compositor had) for writing "differentiations," and not the strange barbarism "differentialties."

J. H. A.

## The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing The Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

### THE SECRET OF THE EAST.\*

Dr. Oswald is one of those who have become dissatisfied with the prevailing religion, and hence feels bound to raise his voice against the whole system of Christianity and especially against its great founder. "The Secret of the East" is not a new theory of the origin of Christ, but it is a fresh denunciation of his teachings. Dr. Oswald says, "The prophet of Nazareth was a Buddhistic emissary and preached his gospel in the name of Buddha Lakyamune." As a proof of this somewhat remarkable assertion the author brings forward such quotations from Christ's words as "Blessed are they that mourn," "Woe unto you that laugh, for you shall mourn and weep." This proves, he says, that Jesus Christ preached a doctrine of repression. It is an anti-natural, pessimistic doctrine teaching us to despise all natural instincts, and coincides with the quietism of Buddha. To this anti-natural religion must be attributed the horrors of mediæval times, the oppression, the asceticism, the luxury of priests and church, and the poverty and suffering of the vast majority of mankind to-day.

Statements like these will excite only a smile from the serious and impartial. The errors are too obvious to deceive the thoughtful. There are, however, some who might be influenced by Dr. Oswald's book, just as there are some who become atheists by listening to the glowing imagery of Robert Ingersoll.

Dr. Oswald imputes all the cruelties of the mediæval church to Christianity. In so doing he shows a lack of accurate historical knowledge. All the horrors of the Romish church can be traced to its non-Christian element. It must be remembered that Christianity was introduced into a degenerate Rome. The virtues of the old Republic were forgotten, and the Imperial City was the scene of the grossest debauchery and lawlessness. A few centuries later the Ger-

mans conquered Rome, thus adding to the decaying Roman society the rude passions of Northern barbarians. In the anarchy which followed, the Roman mind could not comprehend the length, breadth and depth of the tenets of Christianity. It explained the spirit by a few detached words of Christ, as Dr. Oswald does. Consequently, it rushed now into the most rigid asceticism, and again into the opposite extreme. Still the influence of the church was beneficent, for so far as lay within its power it imposed restraint. At the same time the Feudal System in France and Germany was pulling society to pieces. Amid all this confusion the Christian church was the principal unifying influence. If Christianity had not been supreme in Europe during the middle ages no one can tell what the civilization of to-day would have been. Had the church not declared itself the arbiter between kings and nobles, had it not retained learning in its cloisters, had its places of worship not been asylums for the oppressed and weak, "the night of Barbarism," to use Dr. Oswald's figurative phraseology, would never have been put to flight by "the dawn of Civilization."

Dr. Oswald not only fails to see the good accomplished by the church in the middle ages, but he also persists in imputing all its errors to Christ. He fails to recognize the great fact that ever since Christ preached his Sermon on the Mount his doctrines have been found to satisfy the highest aspirations of the best minds. The mediæval church interpreted the Scriptures with reference to its own needs. That these needs were limited and that the words of Christ were distorted is no reproach to the Gospels. Men never take more than they bring. A base or limited mind will extract only baseness from the noblest thoughts. The monks and clergy found in the Gospels what they wanted, and that alone they took. But the point to note is that they found all that their ideals demanded. On the other hand the better minds of the time were discontented with the church's interpretation of the Scriptures, as is proved by the numberless attempts at reform. All these movements were led by men whose minds were a little stronger, a little purer than those of the majority of churchmen. These reformers, too, found their highest needs answered in the Bible, for it was the Bible with which they always contrasted the corrupt church. Every step in Europe towards higher civilization was a closer adherence to the Gospels.

And to-day when we cast aside questions about the divinity and inspiration of Christ and consider his teachings merely for their intrinsic worth, we find no higher morality than that of the Gospels. Whatever they think of the constitution of the church, all the best minds to-day agree that Christ's words are our fullest expression of truth. His words are not yet exhausted by our deepest thinkers. Men like Carlyle and Emerson acknowledge that they but repeat Christ's thoughts. The most bitter opponents of creeds and churches are never tired of extolling the character and wisdom of Christ. This unanimity of opinion proves that there is something perennial in the Gospels. These men do not find Christ's doctrines pessimistic and anti-natural. On the contrary they find that the more diligently they study the words of Christ, the more do they find them true to the soul of man.

Is it possible that the many generations of thinkers are at fault? Is it possible that Christ's doctrines are after all anti-natural, and Christ himself a mere Indian dreamer, teaching men to pass their days in lazy contemplation of the infinite? Dr. Oswald says:

"The keystone dogma of the Christian ethics is the anti-physi-

\*THE SECRET OF THE EAST, or The Origin of the Christian Religion, and the Significance of its Rise and Decline. By Felix Oswald, M. D. Boston: Index Association. Crown 8vo. pp. 142. \$1.00.



cal principle of Buddhism. Whatever is natural is wrong; \*  
\* \* \* the summum bonum can be attained only by mortifying our natural desires."

The importance of a natural life is a favorite theme with philosophers like Dr. Oswald, but an appeal to man to follow his instincts as ends is simply to bid man to return to barbarism. Beasts follow their instincts. It is the distinctive feature of a rational being to resist the desires of the instincts whenever they conflict with the reason. This supremacy of reason over impulse is what civilization means, and it is precisely because man does not at all times subordinate his instincts to his reason that this world is not a Utopia.

There is one sense in which Dr. Oswald's theory is true. It is by making a difference in the value of the instincts. Then, certainly an instinctive life may be the highest life. Christ recognized the comparative worth of the instincts, that the instinct of the reason or spiritual part of man is of supreme worth because it is the motion of his real nature. To obey this instinct is man's great duty. Herein lies the grandeur of Christ's teaching. Christ saw clearly that the religious sentiment is the highest instinct, and his great mission was to proclaim the authority of this. All our passions are meant to develop this spiritual nature. Whenever they usurp and become ends instead of means, they are to be sternly repressed.

In this sense Christianity is an ideal religion. It sets as a goal something dependent not on sense, but on reason. Faith, the keystone of Christ's doctrine, is the implicit belief in the highest aspiration of reason. Reason tells man that universal love, universal justice are to be sought. Faith urges the contemplation of these as typified in God. Man grows like that which he contemplates. But setting God as the supreme object of vision, and declaring that each man is the child of God, and has in him all the attributes of God which he may develop by his will and faith, Christ rose above the slavish worship of the senses and gave forth the loftiest spiritual system that the world has seen.

If Dr. Oswald means by "repression" the subserviency of sense to reason, then every one will admit that Christianity is repressive. But to say that Christ preached asceticism is to pervert facts strangely. Nowhere does Christ absolutely condemn the desires of the flesh. He allows the full use of the instincts so far as they advance the spiritual life.

The outcome of this grand spiritual scheme is to make man labor. This is in direct contradiction to Dr. Oswald's assumption that Christ discouraged industry. "If a man does not work, neither shall he eat." No Indian dreamer here. But as in the case of the lower instincts, labor is good only so far as it advances the spiritual nature.

Dr. Oswald boasts of the civilization of to-day as an emancipation from Christianity, and to a certain extent it is. Yet here is where our civilization is most defective. A little less of scramble after money, and a little warmer devotion to lofty spiritual ideas, would make life so beautiful and perfect that

"God would descend to man,  
And man ascend to God."

It is just because we do not labor for spiritual ends, just because we do not "repress our instincts" as Christ bids us, that our own land is filled with drunkenness and crime, that our politics are corrupt, that the weaklings are so often trampled underfoot.

If Dr. Oswald will read the sixth chapter of Matthew dispassionately, he may see that the great prophet of Nazareth

preached a religion that in the highest sense is instructive because it accords with the wants of our deepest, truest, our spiritual nature.

S. M. HAYES.

## GEORGE SAND.\*

"George Sand" forms one of the "Famous Women Series" which Roberts Brothers, Boston, are now publishing. Following the usual order of biographical sketches, Miss Thomas first traces the ancestry, and then relates incidents in the childhood, of this greatest French novelist of the present century; then follow, in due order, accounts of her unfortunate marriage, her debut in literature, her mental development and her literary productions.

Aurore Dupin, better known under her assumed name of "George Sand," passed the first eighteen years of her life without giving any indications of the extraordinary talent she possessed. At that age she was married to M. Casimir Dudevant, and the match, though seemingly eligible, proved to be a most unfortunate one. As her faculties unfolded and her mind matured, the disparity between herself and her husband increased; finally, after eight years of *ennui* and mental unrest, cheered only by the delight she found in her two children, she obtained her husband's consent to go to Paris and try her fortune with her pen. At first she formed a literary copartnership with her friend and fellow-student, Jules Sandeau, and their joint productions were published under his name. When in 1832 her first individual novel appeared, she assumed the name of George Sand because of its similarity to Jules Sandeau. Her success was immediate and conclusive; other novels were speedily forthcoming which placed her at the head of French novelists, although her competitors were Victor Hugo, Dumas, De Musset, and Balzac. In 1836, George Sand obtained a divorce from her husband which gave her legal possession of her children. From this time forward, the two primary influences upon her life were her love for her children and her love for her work. She began to select themes of a pleasanter nature; the natural optimism of her temperament, rather than her incidental misfortunes, began and continued to color her compositions. Her friends at this time were Heine, the Polish poet, Mickiewicz, Delacroix, Meyerbeer, Hiller, and Chopin. In 1840, she first came before the public as a dramatic author, and she soon won unbounded admiration in this department of literature by her originality and spontaneity. She had the gift of entire appreciation of the feelings of different sex or race—one of the rarest and highest qualities of a dramatic writer. As Balzac is the only man who has thoroughly mastered the mysteries of a woman's heart, so George Sand is the only woman who has shown the same power of understanding and entering into the nature of a man. As a writer from first to last she appeared as a crusader against evil; her idea of virtue lay not in the curbing of evil instincts, but in their conversion or modification by the evoking of good impulses, that "guiding and intensifying of our emotions by a new ideal," which has been called the great work of Christianity. The moral lesson to be derived from reading George Sand's works, is this: "Stand upon your own ground; be your own ruler; look to yourself, not to your stars, for your

\*GEORGE SAND. By Bertha Thomas. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. 300 pp. Price \$1.00.



failure or success; always make your standard a lofty ideal, and try persistently to reach it, though all the temptations of earth and all the powers of darkness strive against you." She had a profound and generous faith in the possibilities of human nature; in the capacity of man's heart for purity, self-sacrifice, and self-redemption. Her genius has rallied around it every instinct in man or woman which is revolutionary; it has ranged against it all that is conservative. The grand revolutionary idea which she announced was that of the social independence and equality of woman,—the principle that woman is not made for man in any other sense than as man is made for woman. For the first time in the history of the world, woman spoke out for herself with a voice as powerful as that of man. For the first time in the history of the world, woman spoke out as woman, not as the servant, the satellite, the pupil, the plaything, or the goddess of man. Her influence on French literature has been a purifying and strengthening power. She has always insisted, through every illustration, character, and catastrophe in her books, that the one only reality, the one only thing that can endure, is the rule of right and of virtue. Her works cannot be adequately represented by extracts. Her composition is like a gossamer web, that must be shown in its entirety, as to split it up is to destroy it. D. H.

A. A. W.\*

"TRUTH, JUSTICE AND HONOR."

The report of the eleventh annual Congress of the "Association for the Advancement of Women" with the above motto is before us. From the "Report on Science" we learn that "young women are taking up science for serious and life-long occupation."

The report on "Education" informs us that there is encouraging "progress in men's education towards the recognition of intellectual equality of the sexes." A more hearty welcome is given women in art, science and mechanics.

Rhode Island reports that the President of Brown University is anxious for the admission of women to the full privileges of that institution.—Maine reports "notoriously poorly paid teachers;" a sad admission, for sooner or later she must make amends in the ignorance of her community. From the statistics presented she must possess some brave women who are engaged in all sorts of industries, even to tanners and blacksmiths. One woman is "master of a grammar school with several assistants and conducts a farm with considerable profit."—New Jersey reports women in pottery, jewelry, iron workers, trunk makers, etching, boot and shoe making, all sorts of needle craft, literary clubs, but "no cigar making." Concerning loss of time from physical ailments it is said that the women more than make the time good by the moral ability of greater temperance and adherence to duty.—Illinois reports literature, art, science, philanthropy as attracting the attention and engaging the energy of its best and most earnest women. Chicago is justly proud of her literary clubs, temperance organizations, training school for nurses, and associated charity, recently organized. An interest has been awakened in plain, practical cooking. This is certainly one of the greatest of the moral reforms of the day. It has been stated on good authority that the frying-pan has killed more men in the United

States than munitions of war. There is no more fruitful source of intemperance than ill-cooked, indigestible, slovenly served food, nor is there any quicker or surer way of ruining a child's temper, or making a youth absolutely unmanageable, to say nothing of its costliness—it is the most wasteful of all methods of living.—Indiana reports a training school for nurses under the direct management of the Flower Mission. Beautifully appropriate.—Missouri reports that in St. Louis alone "20,000 girls go out every morning to earn their living" at an average of \$6 per week wages, out of which must come board bills. They are of all ages from childhood up. The reporter visited a tobacco factory where 350 girls were seated in little narrow boxes, tobacco piled all around them, heads tied up in handkerchiefs, clothes smeared with licorice and tobacco. Later when they came out they were neatly dressed, "many with a pencil in the hair to give them the appearance of shop girls." The old-fashioned flax spinning wheel is here an article of use. A young girl in the reporter's family told her that at home they spun all the yarn for every-day clothes for father and brothers, made their own blankets, coverlets and bed-ticking and carpeted the five rooms of the house. That a cousin, whose husband was killed in the rebellion, brought up her four children, took care of her eighty acres of land raising cabbage and poultry summers, and during the winter doing her house work and a day's weaving regularly, and the girl added, "you should see them now, the girls have been to St. Louis at school, and they have a piano and everything nice. Its all in the *management*, ma'am. Some people get rich while others, with the same chance, fall behind every year."—Iowa reports activity in every direction. One woman a bank president. Another president of a County Medical society. The wife of the president of the Agricultural College is showing herself a worthy help-met in the work of training the young to usefulness by teaching the girls cooking. This State, like the Northwest generally, abounds in literary clubs doing efficient and sometimes very thorough work.—Tennessee says "women are everywhere seeking the *best* for their daughters. The cry is: Help me make my daughter independent, teach her that usefulness is happiness, make her competent for the duties and business of living."—Florida still suffers from the antiquated delusion of the degradation of labor.

The various papers read at the meeting last October are also published and were for the most part on eminently practical subjects. "Heredity," a subject with which we cannot be too familiar nor attach too much importance—the greatest blessing is, to be "well born." "The Mourning Garb," which gives the lie to all our pretended faith in a future life and which throws around one of the natural and inevitable events of our lives a gloom, a repulsion which makes us shrink from it with instinctive horror instead of meeting it with the dignified calm which such an event calls for. "Suffrage," "Labor and Capital," "Historic Art," "Work of the Red Cross," "Scientific Charity," "Legislation to Prevent Cruelty to Children," "The Prevention of Nervous Strain by Home and School Training," and "The Duty of the American White Woman to the American Black Woman." The very titles suggest their practical importance. To be sure this Association has its limitations, like all things human, and is open to criticism, but by cordial criticism, by earnest endeavor, by honest investigation, it hopes to make itself one of the most helpful influences in elevating all who come within the sphere of its operations.



A VOLUME OF VERSES\*.

"These are but blossoms, doomed to fall  
When breathed upon by time,"

is the graceful and modest opening of this little volume. And when we have candidly, soberly admitted that the author has not under-estimated in the above lines the intrinsic worth of the verses before us, we have said all that need be said in the way of adverse criticism. The first work of an author—and this is nowhere so obviously true as in the sphere of verse—is of interest and value rather for what it promises than for what it unfolds. And these verses are full of indications of some of the highest poetic qualities. The lyrical faculty is perhaps the one which has been most fully developed thus far. A little fragment entitled "Shadows" will suffice to show the melody of some of these "songs without music:"

"Silently, slowly, the daylight fades  
As the sun sinks low in the West;  
Softly and sweetly the evening shades  
Woo the mother bird back to the nest;  
Tenderly, gently, the shadow persuades,  
And the world seeks quiet and rest."

Besides this gift for versification, Mr. Lord has something quite as essential—a fine literary instinct, which keeps him out of many pit-falls into which the young poet ordinarily descends.

On the whole the best poems in the collection are those that bear a covert allusion to a certain pair of "bright black eyes"—not the worst of inspirations. Music and rhetoric alone will not make a poem; something more is needed than the mere love of literary composition before the verses will write themselves. Verses like those we quoted above, with all their grace lack one quality—they are not "inevitable" enough.

When a poet has put all his soul into his lines, writing because the thoughts and feelings that crowd upon him will not be silent, then it is that

"You and I would rather read that volume,  
Taken to his beating bosom by it,"

than the most exquisite product of an hour of idleness.

This volume of poems from a Chicago press is very attractive in its general appearance. We wish as much were true of the details, but we regret to say that the author is continually at a disadvantage from the numerous blunders which the printer has made in punctuation and the like.

Mr. Lord is an occasional contributor to the *Current*, the *Weekly Magazine* and *UNITY*. We shall watch his course with interest, and we have no hesitation in predicting that his future efforts will show a steady advance, and that he will win a high place in the literary field which Chicago is destined to afford.

C. H. K.

Professor Alexander Winchell contributes an admirable review of Schliemann's *Troja* to the last number of the *Dial*. Referring to the fact that the method of Schliemann's discoveries has been purely that of inductive science, Prof. Winchell thinks it quite significant that in an age "when science began to make light of traditions which had stirred the souls of nations through chiliads of years—science herself should be made to disclose the baselessness of her

own skepticism." But science deserves at least the credit of being as willing to discover her own errors as those of tradition, and perhaps in this particular case science did not more "disclose the falseness of her own skepticism," there reveal anew the merits of that method of honest search and diligent accumulation of facts for which she is gaining increasing and well earned renown and to which we owe the rich result of the Schliemann researches.

F. J. Furnival, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Browning Society, London, announces by circular to the members of the society that Miss E. H. Hickey, the devoted Honorable Secretary of the society from its organization, has been compelled to relinquish the duties on account of declining health, and that J. Dykes Campbell, Esq., 29 Albert Hall Mansions, Kensington Gore, London, S. W., has been appointed to take her place, and to him all future payments and communications are to be addressed; that James Russell Lowell will preside at the meeting of the society April 25, if the Tercentenary of the Edinburgh University does not conflict; and that the poet has decided not to allow the society to reprint the *Book* of "The Ring and the Book" during his life. After his death it is to go into the library of Baliol College.

Robert Browning promises a new volume to consist of twelve poems in blank verse, connected in theme, with a lyrical prologue and epilogue. It is also expected that the work is to be distinguished by being the poet's direct speech to the readers, and not spoken, as hitherto, through dramatic characters.

The "Life of Lucretia Mott," by her husband, is promised and will be looked forward to with interest as being the record of a life of great spiritual potency. It is to appear from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

An article in the *Dial* reviewing Courthope's Addison is appropriately and felicitously entitled "A Gentleman of Letters."

The following books have been received at this office, and will be given appropriate notice in future numbers of *UNITY*:

QUOTATIONS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Crawford Howell Toy, Professor in Harvard University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884. 8vo. pp. xlv; 321. Price \$3.50.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING. How Not to Do It, and How to Do It. A Study in Sociology. By Melusina Fay Peirce. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884. pp. 189. Price \$1.00.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT. By William Robertson. New York: Cassell & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 8vo. pp. 588. \$2.50.

ENERGY IN NATURE. Being with some additions, the substance of a course of six lectures upon the Forces of Nature and their Mutual Relations. By William Lant Carpenter. New York: Cassell & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 16mo. pp. xv, 212. \$1.25.

SONGS OF PRAISE AND PRAYER, for the Sunday School and Social Meeting. Compiled and Edited by Charles H. Richards, D. D. New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co. 8vo; pp. 222.

EPITOME of Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern History. By Carl Ploetz. Translated with extensive additions by William H. Tillinghast. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. Crown 8vo. pp. xii, 618. \$3.00.

\*VERSES. By William S. Lord. Chicago: John C. Everett, 99 Madison Street. 8vo. pp. 63. Illustrated by full-page etching. Price \$1.25.



## Little Unity.

### SCRAPS FROM THE LESSON COURSE.

People think it is not pleasant to have their faults corrected. But does not that depend greatly upon the way it is done? Very greatly, but not altogether. There is one other thing upon which it depends;—whether or not the one in whom fault is found, really wishes to grow better.

There is a way of telling faults which gives one a burning sense of personal attack, from which it is his first instinct to defend himself, even if he knows the accusation is just. But he will be defending his personality—not his fault. The sorry part of it is, that he often does not notice the difference, and so comes to the habit of defending his faults.

Then there is a way of telling faults which makes one feel the love that prompted the telling,—which makes one forget self in the kindly good will of rectifying an error wherever found. Every active boy or girl likes to set a wrong thing right,—*unless* he has already been tampered with by the wrong way of fault-telling and has, so early, begun to bend all his energies to personal defence regardless of right or wrong.

When our faults have been suggested to us many times in the right way; when we have been both told by kindly words and shown by helpful example how to correct them, and still it has no effect upon us, what should be done? Would you give up trying to help a friend because he did not see that he needed help? Would you give up trying to keep your baby brother from putting his finger in the pretty flame, because he couldn't understand it would burn?

Sometimes your mother has to remind you a great many times not to do a certain thing, but you do not take the thought to yourself, and so go on doing it. The last time she tells you, which finally rouses you, there is a ring of severity in it you do not like. But if you did not respond to the gentler telling, you certainly needed the severity. When you are spoken to sharply, think if you have not failed to respond to the kindly word first, before you let yourself feel resentment that sharpness is used. And particularly, when you are taking care of the little brother and sister, be sure and hold, first, to the kindly ways as long as you possibly can. If you do at last break out harshly, you will feel the pain of it yourself so much that you will go back to the tender way instantly; but the sudden outburst, *if quickly controlled*, must sometimes come to arouse for good, when nothing else will do it. Read the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, where Jesus rebukes the Pharisees.

### THE KING'S CLOAK.

Once, in olden time, when kings could do as they pleased, a certain ruler of the East decided to have a new cloak and to have it woven in a very peculiar manner. Each thread of the cloak was to come from a different person among the king's subjects, and to be of whatever color the person chose. So those who loved the king brought bright threads—golden and purple and blue. But others did not love him and they brought ugly black threads, and others were indifferent and came with grey. Each evening, after all the threads had been put in for that day, the king would come to look at the cloth, and if his enemies had been working

upon it and it was disfigured with dark gloomy threads, or if those who were indifferent had been weaving and had left unsightly grey threads, the king would grieve, for he loved his subjects and wished them to love him, and he would weep, his tears falling upon the cloth. After the king had examined the cloth each evening, it was rolled under out of sight that it might not become soiled.

At last it was finished. But the king was not overjoyed; for though, since the day when he first discovered a black thread, he had done everything in his power to make his subjects love him, he could not forget that only yesterday the cloak had been again marred with one of these hate-lines, and he feared that its beauty had been entirely destroyed. There it lay nevertheless rolled up before him, and however it looked, it was finished. So he ordered it to be spread out. And behold! it was the most beautiful piece of cloth that had ever been woven, for where the dark ugly lines had been, the king's tears had so blended and harmonized them that they were the most beautiful parts of all.

E. G. B.

Little masteries achieved,  
Little wants with care relieved,  
Little words in love expressed,  
Little wrongs at once confessed,  
Little graces meekly worn,  
Little slights with patience borne;  
These are treasures that shall rise  
Far above the shining skies.

—Good Times.

### LEARN BY PRACTICE.

Whatever we are learning to do, it is best to put it into practice at once. If we learn how, but do not directly prove our learning by use, we have not even gone half way toward the actual knowledge of it.

Kate watches how Mary takes the crochets stitch she wants to learn, and then says: "Oh, yes; I see now." But she *only* sees, for come to do it herself it is quite a different thing. Frank shows his little brother how to spin a top, and it all looks very simple, but he tries a long time before he can do it himself.

One can hardly have a healthy, active body and mind, and not want to try and do for himself the things he sees done which attract his interest. As we grow older we soon have to learn to resist the temptation of trying to do too many things, to make choice of what we can do to best advantage. We should learn first those things which are needed oftenest right around our every-day lives. Their being commonplace is their chief recommendation, for we need to make habits of all these helpful ways. Yet many a boy thinks it of no use to stop and pick up his tools when he is done using them, or to do errands, or to bring in wood. And girls who can sit by the hour and work with worsted or embroidery, can not have patience to darn a tear neatly, work out examples in arithmetic, or keep a room in order. If they can be made to feel that it is really of some good, they will be more willing to use themselves. Mothers should realize how much they deprive their children of, if they neglect to teach this, and have patience, in their turn, with slow work and often poor results, but hold to the principle.



BEARDLESS MOSSES.

This is not a very pretty name for them, is it? But I do not know what other name to use, unless I call them "Toothless Mosses." Most of the mosses which one finds have a fringe of teeth around the mouth of the capsule or seed-box, but there are three or four common species which have no such fringe, and I will tell you where to look for these.

During a walk in the month of March, I discovered one species growing on the top of a stone wall. A lawn sloped down to the top of the wall, so that there was some soil on it, which was moist with the melting snow, and here, without having to stoop, I found this wee moss, growing in little green cushions, each full of the tiniest brown goblets, standing erect on their little stalks which were not more than an eighth of an inch long. Indeed, the whole plant was not more than a quarter of an inch tall. Some of the cups were still covered with their lids, each of which had a slender thread of a handle sticking up in the middle. The scientific name of this moss is *Pottia Truncata*. It was named after a Prof. Pott.

Another moss which looks like a magnified edition of this one, has a name so much magnified that I am almost afraid to tell it to you, lest it should make you shun the moss! It is *Physcomitrium Pyriforme*! But if you prefer English, you can call it "Bladder Cap Moss." Its thin delicate cap is swollen at the base, and then narrows into a sharp peak. After the cap and lid have fallen off, the capsules on their stalks make the prettiest little golden brown goblets. This moss grows on the ground, and is said to be extremely common, but it is not so common as to spoil the pleasure of looking for it. I have found it on coarse gravelly soil in Massachusetts, and have had it sent to me from Illinois.

The capsules of the third beardless moss grow along the sides and at the ends of the branching stems, but they are quite hidden among the little leaves, so that very sharp eyes are required to find them. They are funny little globes, with the top cut off, and no stalk to speak of. I have found them brown and ripe on the sixteenth of March, but when I went out just now (March 14) to look for them on a rock close to the house, I found only the little soft, round green globe. The scientific name is *Hedwigia Ciliata*, and the common name, (given in an English book) is "Hoary Branched Beardless Moss." It only looks hoary in dry weather, for when it is wet, the large patches are of the freshest, most beautiful green color.

Sphacnum, or Peat Moss, also has a toothless capsule, when it has any, but I only once found it in fruit, and that was at the Adirondack Mountains. I have, however, some pressed specimens from New Jersey and some from the White Mountains, both nicely in fruit. The fruit is dark brown, on a little stalk, quite visible, but it does not make a very good goblet, for besides being rather square in shape, it is apt to split down one side, which would prevent its holding water well.

C. H. C.

The republican teacher should remember that submission to a law, the grounds of which are understood and accepted, makes citizens; but that submission to an arbitrary command from fear of punishment makes slaves.—*Chas. G. Eliot.*

A head without a mind is a mere statue.—*Russian Saying.*

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,  
The traces of small muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,  
All spotless with blossoms and fruit.

And I know that my walls are disfigured  
With prints of small fingers and hands,  
And that your own household most truly  
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered  
With many old treasures and toys;  
While your own is in daintiest order,  
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly all hours of the day;  
While you sit in yours unmolested  
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides  
Where I must stand watchful each night;  
While you can go out in your carriage,  
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;  
I like my house orderly, too;  
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,  
Yet would not exchange places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,  
Its freedom from bother and noise;  
And keep your own fanciful leisure—  
But give me my four splendid boys!

—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE OLEANDER.

Probably the largest oleander tree in the world is near Spanishtown, Fla. It covers a space of ground thirty-six feet in diameter; from the ground to the tip of the topmost limb is twenty-five feet; at the surface of the ground the trunk is divided into twenty or twenty-five separate stems, the group being at least five feet through, and one single stem is, by actual measurement, fourteen inches thick.—*Christian Leader.*

A SOUTH-SEA ISLANDER'S PRAYER—"O, God, we are now about to go to our respective homes. Let not the good words we have this day heard be like the fine clothes we have been wearing, soon to be taken off, folded up, and hidden in a box till next Sabbath comes round. Rather let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."

All habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

—*Dryden.*

The most skillful flattery is to let a person talk on, and be a listener.



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## Notes from the Field.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—H. Tamb Lyche, of the Meadville Theological School, has accepted the call from Janesville, and begins his ministry on the 22d of June.

NEWPORT, R. I.—Alfred Smith has presented to the Channing Memorial Church, a \$25,000 Parsonage consisting of furnished house, stable etc., in the best location in the city. It will be ready for occupation on Mr. Wendte's return from his California vacation.

STREATOR, ILLS.—Rev. J. H. Shay has declared his independence, and has a hopeful Liberal movement in a hall at this place. Brother Effinger, our Minister-at-large, recently addressed large audiences there preaching on Sunday morning on "Rationalism in Religion," in the evening on "Evolution of Religion."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Rev. A. F. Mason, pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city, has been preaching so liberally that he has filled the pews and alarmed the deacons. His resignation is in the hands of the church and under discussion. The majority heartily support the progressive pastor. The minority are justly solicitous about the intellectual integrity of the church, with which minority we have large sympathy. Conscience is to be respected, even when it is found in the interests of a mistaken judgment or an inherited theology.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A recent issue of the *Kansas City Times* says: "The Unitarian church of this city was re-

opened only four months ago, but is already evincing the most unmistakable signs of new life and fresh zeal, and it is believed that a bright and prosperous day is now rising in its history." The same paper reports a spirited sermon by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Savage, on The Liberal Religious Movement of the Day and its Opportunity. "The preacher argued that the 'broad church' of the coming century is now rising, and that causes similar to those which in the eighteenth century gave to Protestantism the missionary pre-eminence of the Christian world, are now at work to continue the divine succession by conferring the aggressive spirit and the missionary scepter upon the liberal and rational religion of to-day."

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.—We gather a number of interesting items concerning the progress of women in foreign countries from the *Woman's Tribune*, and learn that Russia has put women telegraphers on the same footing as men with regard to pensions; that a woman's medical institute is soon to be opened in that country and that there were ninety-six Russian ladies among the students of foreign universities, one in twelve receiving a diploma. A new congress of women has lately been established in Germany under the name of *Frauverein*, with the object of securing better means of instruction to young women. A woman's hospital has just been opened at Bombay. The Duke of Connaught laid the cornerstone of this institute and expressed the opinion in his address that "the introduction of female medical practitioners with India is calculated to afford a needed relief to classes which have hitherto been almost entirely deprived of medical and surgical aid."

BEATRICE, NEB.—The removal of Rev. Enoch Powell from this place to his new field of missionary operations in Topeka, Kansas, was the occasion of an affectionate leave-taking, where the friends and neighbors expressed their appreciation of his work in that city by the presentation of a purse of \$100, and of a pretty finger ring to the daughter, Miss Maggie Powell, who has acted as organist to this missionary movement. The presentation speech was feelingly made by Mrs. W. H. Somers. It and the response are reported in the local papers. In conclusion Mr. Powell said:

I do not feel that I am going entirely from you, as I shall be with you once a month. It did not require much courage for me to labor among you, and the discouragements were not at all overpowering, as I am so fully assured of the future growth and prosperity of your city that by the eyes of faith I see a

large and flourishing Unitarian church in the most important city of the South Platte. I can only add that I am always ready to render any services in my power, and trust that in the future we shall be more helpful to each other.

ILLINOIS LIBERAL FRATERNITY.—This organization is to hold its semi-annual meeting soon at Monmouth. The meeting will have peculiar interest to the friends of the Fraternity because it is the first since it has undertaken missionary work. Mr. Effinger, its minister-at-large, has been getting at work quietly but effectively. His purpose and methods are so well set forth in his neatly printed circular that we print a portion of it because of its peculiar interest to our Illinois readers:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: In every community there are many whose religious needs are not met at the popular churches, whose reason and moral sense are offended at doctrines and methods which the majority accept without question, who believe that the rights of reason are as sacred in religion as in other affairs, who hold character as the supremely important thing, and who are therefore isolated from religious sympathy and fellowship;—some of them perhaps surrendering the word religion to its narrower uses, and consenting to be called "strangers and foreigners" from "the household of God."

There are many others who are nominally supporters of churches, whose fundamental doctrines they inwardly reject and who are dissatisfied and ill at ease under teachings which their minds have gradually outgrown under the enlarging influence of modern thought and research, but who know not where to look for help or companionship in their struggle toward a more reasonable and satisfying faith, or indeed whether there be any such form of faith.

With such as these I desire to come into communication. It is my purpose to hold meetings and present the Gospel of Rational Religion and open the way for the permanent organization of liberal churches wherever it is possible.

I desire also as far as practicable to visit the smaller churches and pastorless parishes within the State and render what aid I can in sustaining and strengthening their church-life. Correspondence with all who have at heart the cause represented by this circular is solicited.

JOHN R. EFFINGER.

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## Conferences.

### WEST. UNIT. CONFERENCE. DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The regular quarterly meeting of this Board was held at the Channing Club Room on the 17th of March. The meeting was called to order by the Secretary at 10 A. M. Present, Mrs. Felix, Messrs. Shorey, Shippen, Forbush and Jones. Rev. D. N. Utter, who was present, was invited to take part in the discussion. Letters were read from Directors Allen, Blake, Hosmer and Hunting. D. L. Shorey, in the absence of the president was made chairman and J. L. Jones scribe. Reports from the Treasurer and Secretary were received, and from Mr. Shippen on behalf of the committee on hotel and church accommodations for the approaching annual meeting. The Board held two sessions, the entire time being given to the maturing of the program and other arrangements for the Conference, which will be duly announced by the Secretary. On motion of Mr. Forbush all details were left in the hands of the Chicago committee. On motion of Mr. Shippen the following resolution was unanimously adopted;

*Resolved,* That the President be and is hereby instructed to rigidly enforce the time limit of the several speakers to the exact number of minutes specified by the programme of exercises adopted by this board  
J. L. L. JONES, Scribe.

## Announcements.

### THE CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT

is to begin its work April 8th, and it will continue on its missionary rounds among the churches, among the little circles of reading friends where there are no churches, and among the isolated thinkers where there are neither churches nor circles,—twice a month throughout the year, except during July and August. The first sermon will be preached by RALPH WALDO EMERSON, and when the immortal seer holds forth at the church door the man in the pulpit must necessarily reach high.

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EDW. H. HALL,  
E. G. HIRSCH, (Rabbi.)  
F. L. HOSMER,  
J. L. L. JONES,  
JOSEPH MAY,  
R. HEBER NEWTON, (Episcopalian.)  
THEODORE PARKER, (His last sermon.)  
W. M. SALTER, (Ethical Culture Society.)  
H. M. SIMMONS,  
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## UNITY, Vol. XIII.

FOR

Freedom, Fellowship and Character  
in Religion.

With the first of March UNITY enters upon its

## Seventh Year.

Its aims will remain unchanged except so far as its purposes have been intensified and deepened by its six years experience.

The management will remain in the hands of the same Editorial Committee that has directed its infant steps thus far.

During the last year our publishers, through the effective work of Mr. Chas. H. Kerr, our Business Agent, have been enabled greatly to improve the practical affairs of our little paper.

The number of those who speak through UNITY columns as editorial or occasional contributors, has also increased.

As an indication of our prospective force we can do no better than to offer a partial list of those who during the last year have lent willing hands and with whose help and that of our subscribers we expect to continue in nursing our infant into a more useful maturity.

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## Jocoseria.

"Suppose that we part (work done comes play)  
With"—

Machinists always go to an oyster shop to bi-valves.

Pride has two seasons—a forward spring and an early fall.

A game cock ought to be good eating. Does not the poet say, "the bravest are the tenderest?"

A mother reminded her eight-year-old who was complaining at the mosquitoes, that God had made these creatures for some useful end. "Yes," replied the boy sorrowfully, "but I don't like the end."

Miss F., going to her friend, an ardent Browning student, with a paper in which the poem "Adam, Lilith and Eve" was printed at the foot of the funny column, said: "Isn't this the most capital take-off on Browning you ever saw?" "Take-off on what?" asked the Browning admirer, in amazement. "Why, on Browning. Just read it. It is too cute for anything." "That," said the other, "why that is Browning."

"Please, mum," said Bridget. "I've come to give yez notice. Mrs. Beaconhill: 'Why, Bridget! What do you mean? Haven't you always been treated well, and haven't you more privileges than most domestics?' Bridget: 'P'raps I have, mum; but iver since I've been here, I've noticed that all the magazines go into the parlor, an' it's not until iverybody in the house has rid 'em that we sees wan of 'em in the kitchen. All me fri'nds be talkin' of the essays an' the stories an' the paapers, an' I feels like a fool not to able to talk intilligently wid me company.'—*Independent.*

A good story is told by the author of "Some Literary Recollections," in *The Cornhill*, of a service held at Bowness Church, in the Lake District. There had been a good deal of dry weather in the South, so an Oxford man who occupied the pulpit began to read the prayer for rain, when the clerk pulled at the skirts of his surplice. "You must not read that, sir," he whispered; "we don't want it." "But it's a prayer for a good harvest, my man," reasoned the clergyman. "That's just it; the vistsors be our harvest, and we want none of your rain."—*Unitarian Herald.*

"Mary Ann says she is 'a-weary,' and complains that 'woman's work goes on forever.' So it does, and we are glad of it. But that does n't affect you. Bless your soul, you don't go on forever; you don't have all the work to do, not even while you live. Man's work goes on forever, too, we hope; but that does n't fret us a particle. We are not going to stay here and do it all. Bless you, no; we are n't going to do our own any longer than we have to. Brace up, Mary Ann, and don't you fret about the work that 'goes on forever.' You're not going on with your work more than forty or fifty years longer, Mary Ann, and don't you forget it. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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**M**R. KNAPP'S HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS. NEXT (seventeenth) School year begins Sept. 19. Plymouth, Massachusetts.